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Don't let your politics interfere with your
setting down a bright mark for the heroic
Keweenaw, who saved his own life and the
lives of two entire crews of as many
stranded vessels.

Put away the campaign's fiery torch
And all its wild reproaches,
And ye whose throats with bitterness parch
From torments torn to shreds.

The peaceful story of New York's elec-
tion day is a merciless condemnation of
the policy of hiring Pinkertonism insti-
gated by DAVIDSON, approved by the
Republican Committee and carried out
with ghastly glee by Marshal Jacobs.

Those who wish to claim the credit of
having been the first to name the next
President will please make up their
minds at once. There is no time to be lost.

WORLDINGS.

The World's Fair manumission experts to re-
sist \$175,000 from the sale of the fair's
property at the Exposition grounds.

The new yacht built for the King of Spain
is to be fitted out on a grand scale of bar-
barism. It will carry a large crew of
Oriental, offered by Spain.

The British fleet, commonly supposed to in-
clude only 100,000 tons, really contains
more than 1,500.

A last-fresh fishery at Grandtville, Mo.,
recently disclosed 100,000 catfish of stock
all in one lot.

The Great Canal, projected by an Egyptian
King as early as 400 B. C.

Her Ingenious Economy.

The clocks told the hour of midnight as
no clock. The perfume of many flowers,
brought upon the soft, warm air, pervaded
the room, but his nostrils perceived it not. The
royal upon the world in a subdued
glory, but his eyes were blind to it. Grickets
chirped a comfortable and drowsy song, but
his ears were sealed against their melody,
said the Detroit Tribune.

His whole being was intent upon the words
that fell from the lips of his sleeping wife.
"Oleomargarine," murmured the num-
bering woman, "7 cents pound-better 28-
save."

The man raised himself upon his elbow and
held his breath.

"Twenty-one cents—every pound—ten
pounds week—save."

His face was glowing red.

"Two dollars and ten cents—on weeks
—save."

The veins swelled like cords upon his fore-
head.

"Twenty-one dollar—ten cents—twenty
dollars—do better."

With a man he went into a recumbent
position.

Thereafter he wandered through the
world as one who had been snatched.

Cheap Visit to the Fair.

"I suppose you going to the World's Fair
when it opens?" said the young man to the
prominent citizen, according to the Detroit
Free Press.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I've made up
my mind to see the Fair, but I'm not sure
just yet how I'll go about it. I thought of
going direct from here, but ever thing will
be high in Chicago next summer that it
may be cheaper to go by way of Wash-
ington."

"By way of Washington?"

"Yes; I'm going to try that way any-
how. That's why I'm running for con-
gress."

"How'll that help you?"

"How'll that help me? Hang it, man,
we'll have Congressional investigation and
go to Chicago at the expense of the govern-
ment and have everything in being con-
sidered proper."

All in His Wife's Name.

"I tell you," he said emphatically, "some-
thing has got to be done or the so-called
business men of this age will wreck the country
in an outrage, sir, an outrage upon honest
men, the scamps should be given the
opportunity they are given under the
present system."

"What's the matter now?" the excited
man was asked, according to the Detroit Free
Press.

"Matter, sir, matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why you can't tell whom you can trust.
You find a man in a respectable position, re-
spected and looked up to by society, and be-
fore you have time to say to yourself, 'He's
all right, he's elevated you in a horse trade or
skipped out with money to his friends. You can't
trust any one, there's all looking for a
chance to get the best of you, and they don't
care how they do it. Look at the case of the
seventh street bank. It was a rock yester-
day and today the doors are closed. It's a
swindle, sir, a downright swindle, and I'll
wager that the truth were known it would
be found that the officers have been specu-
lating with the funds or something of that
sort."

"Did you have any money in the bank?"

"Well, I should say I did. Every cent that
I put in my wife's name before I failed the
last time was in that bank."

Why Men Are Bored.

Barber—You are very bald. Do you know
what is the cause of it?

Mr. Fenwick—I don't know, but I suspect
that my hair falling out had something to do
with it.

Two Questions.

From South and North.

Mamma—Why aren't you as good a girl as
Ethel Lane?

Small daughter—I don't know. Why isn't I as
good as she is?

Positive.

From Boston Life.

Johnson—Are you sure he doesn't swear?

Johnson—I am. Why he swears a parrot.

Not to Be Caught Out in the Rain.

From Park.

Roune de Bout—Putson call is under a
cloud just now.

I don't know. Well, you may trust him to
stand an umbrella before the storm breaks.

History of a Man.

It is believed by some that the word dinner
springs from a corruption of the word "dine-
man," indicating the time at which in the
old Norman days this meal was taken. The
idea of having dinner at the barbarous
hour of 10 o'clock in the morning would in
all probability send a modern Celt into a fit.
yet it was at this early time that per-
sons of quality, both in England and
France, partook of the meal. Froissart
mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancas-
ter at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, after he had
supped, and during the reigns of Francis I.
and Louis XII. of France fashionable people
dined at 10.30 and supped at the latest at 6

HOPKINS'S TRANS-OCEANICS.

Do not blush when you admit that you like
a good variety show.

Do not affectively expose your lack of dis-
cernment and taste.

Do not exclaim tragically, "Shadows of
disappear," I am sure to confess that I
divine variety," for Snakepeare, who was a
jolly good fellow, probably enjoyed it him-
self, and consequently wouldn't sympathize
with you.

Do not pay any attention at all to the silly
cycles, who tell you that by patronizing
variety shows you are paving the way for the
degeneration of the drama.

A variety show has no more to do with the
drama than chalk has to do with cheese. To
be sure, they may be found on the same stage,
but you know you can buy both prussic acid
and something very strong from the apothecary,
and they are not precisely the same. If you
happen to be born in a stable, you will not of
necessity be a horse.

Look with suspicion at those who cannot
enjoy a good comic song or find amusement
in the antics of a pair of twinkling feet.
There is something wrong about their consti-
tution. For all you know they may have the
taint of the criminal in their blood, for if you
can laugh heartily you are not wholly
wicked, and a heap of reasoning may be
evolved from that statement. The looks who
talk about the best interests of the drama,
being amused by variety should be put in
glass cases and labelled "dangerous, re-
marking." Just as though the drama was some-
thing growth that needed to be swathed in
the coverings of caution. The drama is a
poetic truth, and stands alone. There are,
however, varied forms of entertainment, and
variety is one of them. It is a summer of
entertainment, and it is a summer of enter-
tainment. I know that these statements of mine
will be delicately misinterpreted by those who
write misinterpretations at so much a line, and
that I shall be held forth as the enemy of
the legitimate and the champion of the
trivial. To these misinterpretations, in the lan-
guage of Bunbury, I say simply and suitably
—"Bunbury!"

Yes, I own that I enjoyed Hopkins's
Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Company at
Proctor's last night. I gazed over many of
the features. They were as good and so
amusing. Without having Palmerwall and
others, I confess that the musical efforts of
the Dixon brothers pleased me. It is a
change to find melody exuding from the
head, feet and arms of the performers, and
the Dixon brothers, who was "Maggie
Murphy's Home" out of their head, deserve
all credit.

Miss Margaret Fish gives a clever bur-
lesque of Irish melodrama, and turns her back
to her lover in order to disguise her face.
"I'm a girl," she cries, when he is at the
other end of the stage. She is very much like
the usual "lowly" heroine, but much more
amusing. As for Mr. Niagara and Mr.
Thoma, who turn themselves into gymnastic
shapes, they are hosts in themselves. Niagara
is always smiling, no matter what he is
doing. In fact he ought to leave his smile to
the Metropolitan Museum of Art when he
dies, or if it is cheap and original.

Frances Obeyed Instructions.

When little Frances went to her last chil-
dren's party she was carefully instructed by
her mamma what she could eat, says
Herald Tribune. Among other things she
was allowed to eat just three spoonfuls of
ice cream.

When Frances's mamma next met the
mamma of the little girl who gave the party
the latter said:

"Your Frances is a very remarkable child.
In what way?"

"She was so careful about what she should
eat, and I noticed that she took just three
spoonfuls of ice cream and then pushed her
saucer away, remarking that she was only
allowed to eat that much. I think that was
a piece of self-denial in one so young.
I don't think I could have resisted the
temptation to eat the whole saucerful
of ice cream, even if I had known it
would injure me. Frances is fond of ice
cream too, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, very," replied Frances's mamma;
"but she can always be trusted in matters of
that kind."

Just then the little girl came in with her
mamma, and her mamma said:

"Frances, I am much pleased to hear how
carefully you obeyed me in not eating more
than three spoonfuls of ice cream at the party."

"Yes," replied Frances; "and I wouldn't
have eaten more than three spoonfuls if I hadn't
told me to 'hush de ice cream wasn't good.'"

A Useless Animal.

A Detroit man who takes great delight in
his possession of a horse that can go in 2.30
was hailed by a friend the other afternoon
while he was rapidly driving along Jefferson
avenue, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I can't stop," he was asked, "I've got to
catch that 2.30 train."

About half an hour later the friend met him
again.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "I thought you
were going away on that 2.30 train."

"I was, but I missed it."

"Why don't you sell that horse?" he in-
quired.

"What do I want to sell him for?" asked
the owner indignantly.

"For anything you can get."

"I mean I'd sell him. I wouldn't keep a
horse like that."

No Trouble About That.

From Life.

Editor—Yes; I'd like to sell you my paper.
Stranger—I'd like to buy it, sir, but I don't
know how to manage one.

Editor—That doesn't matter. Your sub-
scribers will tell you all about that.

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PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All
Over the Country.

All Men Cowards in the Dark.

It has been said that all men are cowards
in the dark," remarked Peyton Truitt, when
called upon by the story-tellers' club to "do
his turn," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I am not inclined to believe the saying
true. I was in the British army when a
young man, and was stationed for some time
in India. Our Colonel, an old campaigner
who had won his spurs in the Crimea, became
involved in a difficulty with a fellow officer
who was well high damned with a fair wife,
and about was the result.

The Colonel, being the challenged party,
selected pistols for the weapons and elected
that the affair should occur in a dark room.
We secured a room twenty feet square, closed
every crevice that would admit light, placed
our men in corners diagonally opposite and
withdrew.

Each man was provided with three charges
and when these were exhausted we rushed in
together upon the mutilated remains. Each
man stood erect and soldier-like in his corner
unmoved, but directly behind the head of the
aggravated husband were three bullet
holes made by the Colonel's pistol.

"How is this?" said a grizzled old Major.
"Had you been standing here when those
shots were fired you would have been killed."

"The culprit was compelled to admit that he
was a coward," said the Colonel.

"I have already registered, Major," said
Fritz, "as an English gentleman of inde-
pendent means."

"But I've never told you my name, so how
do you know that it is?"

"I copied it from your portmanteau,"
answered Fritz.

"Why, it isn't on your portmanteau," cried
Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see
what you have put down."

The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to
his amusement, discovered that his clever
servant had described him as:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."

Copied the Name from His Grip.

Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one
evening at a hotel in Austria, and he had
picked up a smart German and hired
him as a servant. In Austria every one stay-
ing at a hotel is obliged to register his name
and occupation in a book, which is kept for
police examination, says Grippeck, so Mr.
Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this
book for him to write his name.

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